



7-15-1995

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Recommended Citation

Carpenter, Yvonne (1995) "Some Days the Metaphors Find Me," *Westview*: Vol. 14 : Iss. 4 , Article 20.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol14/iss4/20>

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Some Days the Metaphors Find Me

By Yvonne Carpenter

I sought spiritual exaltation
And searched for the hawks that Tuesday
But the wind blew hard even in the grove.
The feeders crowded round, big domestic

Creatures with slick hair and plump hindquarters.
My car swayed when a calf grew brave
Enough to lick it. His brother sniffed
The mirror. Teeth clicked on the door handle.

Suddenly the herd turned and all heads pointed
Toward the standing wheat. I looked
Where they looked. There stood coyote
Watching us with wild magic in his eyes.